

And spur my dull reuenge. What is a man
 If his chiefe good and market of his time
 Be but to sleepe and feed, a beast, no more:
 Sure he that made vs with such large discourse
 Looking before and after, gaue vs not
 That capability and God-like reason
 To fust in vs vnusd, now whether it be
 Bestiall obliuion, or some crauen scruple
 Of thinking too precisely on the euent,
 A thought which quartered hath but one part wisdom,
 And euer three parts coward, I doe not know
 Why yet I liue to say this thing's to doe,
 With I haue cause, and wil and strength, and meanes
 To doo't; examples grosse as earth exhort me,
 Witnes this Army of such masse and charge,
 Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
 Whose spirit with diuine ambition puffs,
 Makes mouthes at the inuisible euent,
 Exposing what is mortall, and vn Timer,
 To all that fortune, death and danger dare,
 Inu for an Egge-shell, Rightly to be great,
 Is not to stirre without great argument,
 But greatly to find quarrell in a straw
 When honour's at the stake. How stand I then
 That haue a father kild, a mother staine,
 Excitements of my reason, and my blood,
 And let all sleepe, while to my shame I see
 The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
 That for a fantasie and trick of fame
 Go to their graues like beds, fight for a plot
 Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
 Which is not tombe enough and continent
 To hide the flaine. O from this time forth,
 My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth.

Exit.

Enter Horatio, Gertrard, and a Gentleman.

Quee. I will not speake with her,
Gsm. She is importunat,
 Indeed distract, her moode will needes be pittied.

Quee.

Prince of Denmarke.

Quee. What would she haue?

Gent. She speakes much of her father, sayes shee heares
 There's tricks i'th world, and hems, and beats her heart,
 Spurnes enuiously at strawes, speakes things in doubt
 That carry but halfe sence, her speech is nothing,
 Yet the vnshaped vse of it doth moue
 The hearers to collection, they yawne at it,
 And botch the words vp fit to their owne thoughts,
 Which as winckes, and nods, and gestures yeeld them,
 Indeepe would make one thinke there might be thought
 Though nothing sure, yet much vn Timer.

Hora. Twere good she were spoken with, for she may strew
 Dangerous coniectures in ill-breeding mindes,
 Let her come in

Enter Ophelia.

Quee. To my sicke soule, as sinnes true nature is,
 Each toy seemes prologue to some great amisse,
 So full of artlesse iealousie is guilt,
 It spills it selfe, in fearing to be spilt.

Oph. Where is the beauteous Maiesty of Denmarke?

Quee. How now Ophelia.

She sings.

Oph. How should I your true loue know from another one,
 By his cockle hat and staffe, and his Sendall shoone.

Quee. Alasse sweet Lady, what imports this song?

Oph. Say you, nay pray you marke,
 He is dead and gone Lady, he is dead and gone,
 At his head a grasse greene turph, at his heeles a stone.

Song.

O ho.

Quee. Nay but Ophelia.

Oph. Pray you marke. White his shrowd as the mountaine snow.

Enter King.

Quee. Alasse looke heere my Lord.

Oph. Larded all with sweet flowers,
 Which beweept to the ground did not go
 With true loue showers.

Song.

King. How doe you pretty Lady?

Oph. Well good did you, they say the Owle was a Bakers daughter,
 Lord wee know what wee are, but know not what we may be,
 God be at your table.